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BURP



HOLD ON

Julia

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PERHAPS
MOTHER and DAD, or SIS
WILL ENJOY THE BURR?

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ISN'T IT
TIME
YOU . . .

TELEPHONED *Mother and Dad* ?



Pay Them a VOICE VISIT *Tonight*

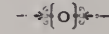
Take a trip back home tonight. No need for railroad tickets. Just go to the nearest telephone, give the Operator your home telephone number—and in a very few moments you'll be there, talking with Mother and Dad.

It's next best to actually seeing them! Make it a habit to call up the folks once a week. Have a regular telephone date with them. Fix a day and hour for your call.

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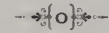
She: Promise you'll love me as long as you live.
He: Cross my heart and hope to die. —Jester.



Lady (in butcher shop): I'd like to look at your biggest ham.

Clerk: Just a moment and I'll call the boss.

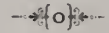
—Humbug.



"What the diskens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

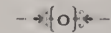
"Well, if it's any of your down business," replied the hen frigidly. "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—Life.



A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with the conductor on a street car. It seems the Scotchman believed the fare was five cents and the conductor insisted on a dime. After a long drawn out argument, the conductor became disgusted, and, seizing the Scotchman's suit case, threw it off just as the car was passing over a bridge which crossed a small stream. The suit case landed with a loud splash. "Mon," screamed the Scotchman, "Isn't it enough you try to overcharge me without drowning my little boy?"

—E. M. J.—Purple Parrot.

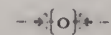


"Say, what day is this?"

"Thursday."

"Oh, I thought it was Friday; no wonder my profs didn't show up."

—Jugler.

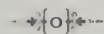


Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

—Flamingo.

There is a current rumor that a student in the math class recently defined a logarithm as the long of a lumberman.

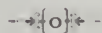
—The Pointer.



Jones: "Where did you go after the Sausage Maker's convention?"

Brown: "Back to the old grind, dog-tired."

—Missouri Showme.



He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

Her: "That's because you never stayed so late before."

—Orange Peel.



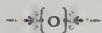
"How long does a pack of cigarettes last you?"

"Almost indefinitely."

"Just another moocher, huh?"

"No, I don't smoke. Heh, heh."

—Columns.



Him: Would you care to go to the Prom dance?

Her: Oh, I'd be delighted.

Him: Well, will you buy your ticket from me?

—Octopus.



Country road. Youth and maiden in car. Car falters, then stops.

Calloused Youth: "Outta gas by cracky!"

Poor-But-Honest-Girl: "Oh, Yeah? (Produces flask from somewhere.)"

C. Y. (in highly receptive tone): "A-a-h! What's in that flask?"

P. B. H. G.: "Gasoline."

—Gargoyle.



"Youse is a viper!"

"Aye not be a viper. Aye be a dawn' good oiler!"

—Columns.

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Pap: "Ain't no son of mine going to college. They
drink likker that kills 'em."

Brat: "Gee, Pap, war do they get it?"

Pap: "I sell it to 'em, numskull." —Rice Owl.

—{o}—

A student overheard the following bit of conver-
sation between a freshman and a ticket seller at the
R. R. station the other day:

Frosh: "Give me a round trip ticket, please?"

Ticket Seller: "Where to?"

Frosh: "Why, back here, of course."

—Orange Peel.

—{o}—

Brother: "Have you any money?"

Other Brother: "Money?" (Finds some in his
pocket) "Whose suit is this I have on?"

—Panther.

Father: "Tell me frankly does my daughter let
anyone neck her?"

Honest Young Man: "Yes sir, anyone."

—The Mountain Goat.

—{o}—

First Newstand Girl: "Say did that handsome
guy take a Saturday Evening Post?"

Second Newstand Girl: "Yeah, but no Liberties."

—Flamingo.

—{o}—

Sala: I wonder why a woman repeats everything
you tell her?

Anthanasius: My dear girl, a woman has but two
views of a secret. Either it's not worth keeping or
it's too good to be kept.

—Medley.

—{o}—

Stude: College man marries woman worth
\$50,000.

Kid: Mister, that ain't no marriage; that's a mer-
ger!

—Sower Owl

—{o}—

Little Sany: "Hey, pa, let's go to the Centennial
Pageant, it's only a dollar."

Sandy: "Next time, laddie, next time."

—Wabash Caveman.

—{o}—

Drug Store Clerk (excitedly): "Oh sir there's a
Scotchman out here who wants ten cents worth of
poison to commit suicide. How can I save him?"

Boss: "Tell him it costs twenty cents."

—Lord Jeff.

—{o}—

Dentist: "Do you use tooth paste?"

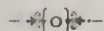
Freshman: "No sir; my teeth aren't loose."

—Exchange.

PUN

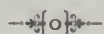
She was only the optician's daughter — two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

Jack-o-Lantern.



Farmer's Wife (to druggist): "Now, be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."

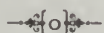
—Texas Ranger.



She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling little beast."

"I don't as kfor thanks, dear," said her husband "but I really must insist on respect." —Drexerd.



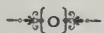
Nurse: "Mr. Jones, you are the father of quadruplets."

Jones: "What, one of them things that runs around on four legs?" —Ski-U-Mah.



Alimony Victim: And I owe it all to the little woman.

—Judge.

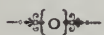


"My father was a great western politician in his day."

"What did he run for?"

"The border."

—Arizona Kitty Kat.



Junior: I invited two girls to the Junior Prom.

Soph: Gosh! How did you get away with it?

Junior: Neither accepted.

—Bean Pot.



There are TOO MANY WOMEN

● Katharine Brush has written the saga of a professional life-guard.

A tea-brown giant in a brief gray suit, he followed the sun and the sun-burned swimmers North in summer and South in winter. His profile, like a head for a coin, belonged against a background of beach and beach umbrellas and bright silk beach pajamas—and women. Women's eyes were always on him, but his blue gaze was not to be held for long . . . And then he met Ruby in a hot little inland town where there was no sea, no sand, no nothing—just a girl with yellow hair and violet eyes. Just one girl, when there were a hundred million in the world.

A Complete Novelette by

KATHARINE BRUSH

One of the grandest of a series of grand stories this writer has done for College Humor, in the next issue.

College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

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She (at the prom): Would you mind if I danced this next one with Bill?

Escort: Not at al, not at all.

She: You needn't say it so enthusiastically.

—Green Cat.

—{o}—

Then there was the timid gentleman who preferred blondes because he was afraid of the dark.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

—{o}—

She was only an engineer's daughter, but he was her first wreck.

—Jester.

—{o}—

“Have you ever made up your mind to go to the dogs?”

Inebriate: Dogs? Dogs? No, I didn't get a bid.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Art: I'd like you to paint a portrait of my late uncle.

Artist: Bring him in.

Art: I said my late uncle.

Artist: Bring him in when he gets here then.

—Washington Dirge.

—{o}—

“There's Nell, the miner's daughter.”

“She's a miner's daughter?”

“Yes, but from the looks of her husband she didn't have her pick.”

—{o}—

There are two kinds of girls: Those who pet and those who are unpopular.

—{o}—

Scene: Athlete buying a sweater.

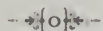
Salesman: Crew neck, mister?

Athletic: No, not while we are in training.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Bell Hop: "Let me have your grip, sir."

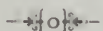
"Fraternity Man: "Shake old man! I never knew we had a chapter in this town." —Mugwump.



Old Lady: The Goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Little Boy: They will like hell. My brother is a Deke and I'm going to pledge where he is.

—Puppet.



Sweet young thing: "Why don't you like to swim?"

Another young thing: "Because I always get water in my ears, and I think that it's positively repulsive the way that you have to expose yourself to the public gaze, but to tell the truth, Mary, I look horrid in a bathing suit."

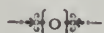
—Pitt Panther.



Policeman (at scene of murder): "You can't come into this room."

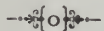
Reporter: "But I have been sent to do the murder."

Policeman: "Well, you're too late; the murder's been done." —Texas Ranger



"Thanks for your indulgence."

"Hell, I thought the typewriter was all you borrowed." —Columns.



"So this is your dream man! Say, dearie, you ain't been eating anything heavy lately have you?"

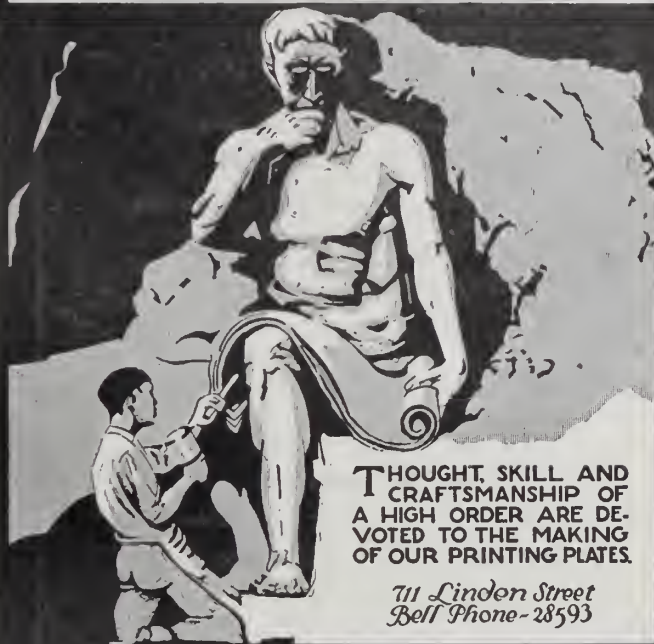
—Yale Record.



Soph—Say, Tom, I hear you failed in English Comp. Is that true?

Frosh—Yea, the Prof. asked us to write an essay on the "Result of Laziness," and I sent up a blank sheet of paper. —Siren.

Sanders-Reinhardt Co. Inc. Photo - Engravers



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Owner—I thought you said this car wouldn't use much gas.

Dealer—It won't sir; if you don't put much in the tank.
—Kitty Kat.

—o—

"That's certainly a very lifelike snowman you have there. I almost thought I saw it move."

"Maybe you did, mister, we've got my brother Jimmy inside."
—Toronton Goblin.

—o—

Passerby—What, excavating this street again?

Foreman—Sure, the contractor is a surgeon, and it seems that three steam shovels are missing.

—Tenn. Mugwump.

—o—

"How old are you, little man?"

"Damned if I know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."
—Dirge.



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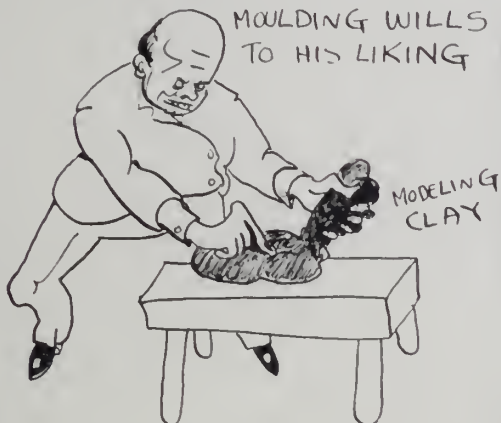
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MOULDING WILLS
TO HIS LIKING



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ONE A MINUTE MOVIES

DATING WITH THE DELTS



(BY THE GODS BABY
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(SNORT-SNORT))



ED. NOTE-HER BEST
FRIEND
WON'T TELL
HER

AH-YOUR BLOOD RED
LIPS REMIND ME OF
A SLAUGHTER HOUSE
I ONCE VISITED



Y'KNOW MAZIE IT'S CHEAPER TO GET PICKLED BY
NEGIN' A DELT - THEM MUGS PERSPIRE STRAIGHT
ALCOHOL



GIEBERICH

THE LEHIGH BURR

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Douglass Brigham

A Crowded School Term . . .

SINCE the beginning of September, the student body at Lehigh has been on the go at top speed. The first thing in which we were all interested was rushing season. Two very busy weeks were put in before the school term began. Since that time, there has been something to do every week—a football game, a dance, numerous movies, lectures, meetings, and so on. All this was routine, and we were beginning to get used to it.

Then, in the middle of November we held house parties which are distracting for about a week before and one after. Fraternities rearranged their living conditions to take care of the finer sex; places were torn up; freshmen were oppressed. During the three days, we all got little sleep and much to drink and many other things too numerous or too obscure to mention here. Then we had the house party reconstruction period in which we tried to get back to normal living and almost did but for one thing—the next week-end.

The Lafayette game, coming immediately upon the foot-steps of house party, brought back the usual delegation of hilarious alumni, who force us to leave our books and entertain them by showing them places which are new to them and drinking their liquor. This was another high spot of the fall. Life was again in a turmoil. Winning or losing the Lafayette game made no difference in the quantity of liquor we consumed that night.

After this event, we didn't even try to settle down with Thanksgiving vacation coming on. Instead, we talked about Thanksgiving vacation and made plans for great enjoyment, and then we spent four, or five, or six days of riotous living in the fulfillment of our plans. Upon arriving back at school several days late, we bored every one with all the sordid reminiscences of the vacation.

At the present time, we are probably more settled than at any other time during the term. Still, every jewelry salesman brings reminders of Christmas and the presents that we must buy. All this is very disturbing to the normal student. Also, this period, too, has its dances and meetings and get-togethers which do not leave much time for real earnest endeavor.

After the Christmas holidays, we have two weeks to prepare for the semester finals. In order to keep the mortality rate within reason, we must hit the ball hard and not get on it. We hope that we can finally settle down to do some work after a most interrupted fall. We must produce in several weeks what we normally should do in fifteen, and we will do it.



"Are youse givin' me the go-bye?"

"Yes, go buy me a Christmas present."



ODE TO THE EATS MAN

'Twas the night before mid-terms, when all thru
the house

Not a brother was drinking, not even one souse;
The pledges were nestled all snug in their beds,
While chemical formulae danced in their heads;
And "Feet" in his prejams, and I in my shirt,
Had decided to study all night till it hurt;
When out in the street there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our desks to see what was the mat-
ter.

Away to the window I tore like a flash
Stubbed my toe on the arm chair and threw up the
sash;

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a little old Ford in condition most queer,
And a young freshman driver in such an old can,
I knew in a moment it must be the Eats Man.
To the top of the porch and into the hall,
Come brothers, come pledges, come one, and come
all.

As I drew my head, and was turning around,

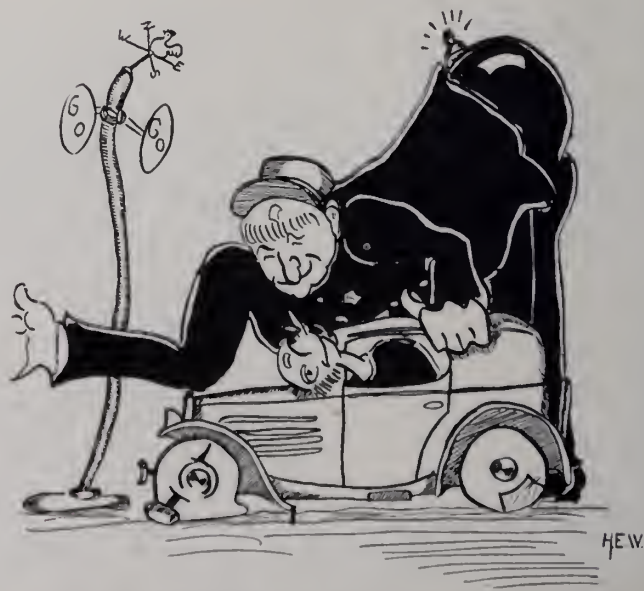
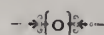
Down the steps came the freshmen, in almost one
bound;

Away to the front hall quite quickly I sped,
And landed there safely right square on my head.
More rapid than eagles, his courses they came,
He whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
Hot sanwitches, me-ilk, ice-cream, and pie,
Cup cakes, cigarettes, swiss cheese on rye.
He was garbed in a sheepskin, no doubt you have
heard,

It was covered with milk stains, and spots of mus-
tard;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
Was there beard on his chin? The answer is no;
The stub of a cigarette he held twixt his lips,
And the smoke inhaled as if it were Vicks.
He spoke not a word as he bent o'er his food,
But handed out eats as fast as he could;
I pounced on the last of the pie like a flash,
Put my hand in my pocket and planked down the
cash;

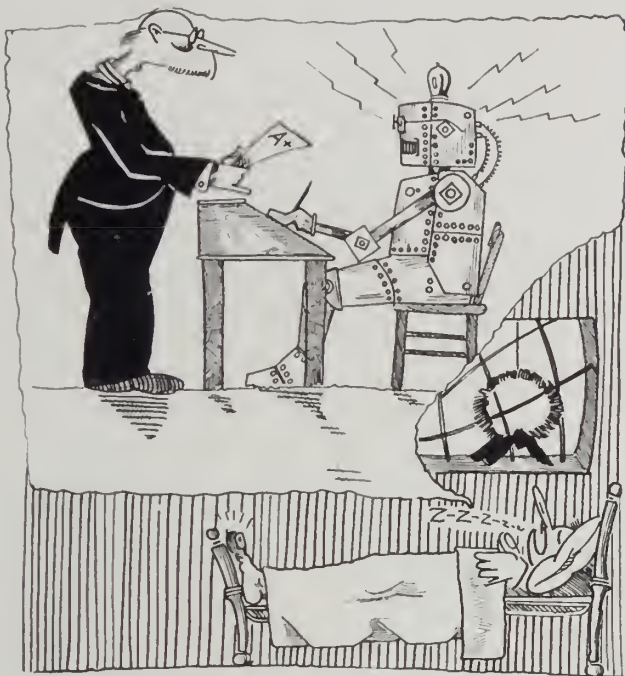
As my teeth sank into the tough doughy crust,
I swore that the Eats Man no more would I trust;
But putting his thumb aside of his nose,
He gave me the nod and his baskets did close.
He sprang to his flivver, gave the engine a spin,
And drove down the street with the rattle of tin;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"To h—with you all, and to all a good night."



"IT'S O.K., DIXON, YA KIN GO AHEAD NOW."

DID'JA EVER

Did'ja ever
 Go out
 For manager
 Of the Soccer team,
 Because you thought
 You could make
 The Thanksgiving trip
 To New York.
 So ya worked hard,
 An' had it in the bag,
 An' then
 A week before the time
 Two other assistants
 Made the trip;
 So, with a heavy heart
 Ya made
 Swell plans
 To go home,
 An' ya heard
 From your old girl
 An got invited to
 A big party,
 An' things looked
 Rosey.
 An' ya decided
 Ya were gettin'
 A break
 By going home.
 An' the day before
 Ya left
 Ya heard
 That one of the managers
 Was sick,
 An' ya hadda go,
 An' the team
 Was going to
 Scranton
 Instead of
 New York.
 Did'ja ever?



A CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S DREAM!

Prof: "Mr. Wheezenpoof, you are to be commended on your excellent work!"

Mr. White (member of six secret societies, who had just been received into the church): "I'm a full member now, am I."

The Minister: "You are, my brother."

Mr. White: "Do I get any button?"

Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner): "Well, Rastus, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?"

Rastus: "No, suh, I hain't got no money, but I got a 1922-model Fo'd cab."

Lawyer: "Well, you can raise some money on that. Now lets see—just what do they accuse you of stealing?"

Rastus: "A 1922 Fo'd cah."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT —

Harry Fretz's Buick still runs (occasionally).

The Burr printed some dirty jokes several years ago.

Petrikin didn't take the boards off the stadium seats so he could sell cushions.

Fred Trafford cleaned up Bethlehem (?)

Austy Tate isn't going to trade his Auburn in for a new Austin.

The Beethoven Maennerchor is a German singing club.

Pit: "Do you think it does any good to belong to so many Frats?"

Wit: "Well, when I went over to Europe I used to add the initials of all of them to my name when I registered at a hotel, and got all sorts of deference from the clerks and waiters."

Undergrads Note—Every year of college wasted means one year more before you get your first million.

"What's the disadvantage of being color-blind?"

"You can't see is your toothbrush is getting pink."

CARS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

by

J. H. Holzshu

It was the second Friday night after school had opened, and John M. Taylor (the "M" stands for one of those middle names which the owner is usually ashamed to admit) was trying to get into the swing of things by doing a little work.

"C'mon, Taylor, go down to the singing club with us before we turn in." It was one of the four or five of his fraternity brothers who were joyously walking by the door.

"Can't tonight, got to do some work."

"Aw, do that when you come back. We'll only be a minute."

"Sure, Johnny, it'll make you sleep better," chimed in another member.

Taylor couldn't get interested in the work anyway; so it didn't take much more persuasion to break down his willpower.

"Just a minute till I get my hat, and I'll be right with you," he said, closing the book without putting a marker where he had stopped reading.

The hands of time made several complete revolutions before the fellows returned to their chapter house.

Taylor sat down at his desk and looked at his watch. It was twelve forty-five. He was weary and tired (probably from doing so much German singing.) He laid his head down on his arms, but this was uncomfortable, and he got up. The next time he picked out an easy chair, and flopped down into it. He squirmed around a bit, but couldn't get rested. "I'd like to find something exciting to do tonight," he said to himself.

Soon he was walking, walking through the streets of Bethlehem. Everything was quiet, except the puffing of several locomotives.

No one was on the streets—they were deserted. He reached the Hill-To-Hill Bridge. Its length stretched before him like the water of a sea. He thought that he would never get to the other end; it seemed so much like a mirage to his droopy eyes. In fact, Taylor never reached the other end by foot; for out of the stillness of that moist night came a noise. He turned, and noticed a car coming across the bridge. As it came toward him, he saw that it was a Packard touring with the top down. Soon it had caught up to him, and was slowing down. Its occupants were now distinguishable — two girls, one of them driving, and a fellow—all in the front. The automobile had completely stopped. John looked at them with a questioning air. The driver spoke first.

"Can we give you a lift?"

"Not tonight."

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. Just walking."

"A big brute like you doesn't have to walk for exercise." The second girl laughed. In a moment she had climbed over into the back seat, and had opened the door. "I dare you to come with us."

Taylor's mind was turning over fast. He was fully aware of the fact that a girl, probably no more than twenty-one, was actually making fun of him—actually daring him to do something he didn't want to do. He had no good reason to let the whole affair bother him, but to take a dare from a pretty girl — — —.

"All right! I'll take you up."

The car was moving again, and Johnny settled himself in the back seat.

"What's your name?" the new

acquaintance asked.

"Taylor, John Taylor, And yours?"

"Elizabeth Clarke, but just call me Betty. I like that better. I'm visiting in Bethlehem for a week.

"Get the robe—that will keep us warm." She nodded to the floor. "Be careful of those bottles; that stuff's scarce and we may need it later on."

"I think I need some of it now."

"O. K. I'll take one with you."

"What is it, rye or rat poison?"

"Let's hope it's rye." She raised the pint to her lips and took several swigs. "Tastes more like rat poison at that," laughing. John consumed a certain quantity, and laid the empty bottle on the floor. They tucked the robe in around them and slid into a comfortable position.

"I'm warmer already."

"It does make a difference; I'm almost hot," remarked Betty.

"I think I'm going to like you."

They were on the highway now. The only lights were those of the car shining on the road ahead, the moon, and the stars. She said that she always liked to ride in an open car on a moonlight night, speeding through the darkness like one seems to speed through life itself.

John didn't say much. His senses were a bit inebriated. He only knew that a woman and he were wrapped up in a blanket; that this person was nice, beautiful, and experienced; that he could feel the warmth of her young body against his; that he could lay his head against her hot bosom; and that her tender lips willingly found his.

"I've got an idea," shouted the girl from the front seat. "Let's get married."

(Continued on Page 26)



**"I'VE GOT A YEN FOR YOU" said SAILOR
BEN . JUST BACK FROM JAPAN .**

**HEWN FROM a HEMLOCK by HÖRL FREIDAY who HAS
JOINED the RANKS of ENGRAVERS**

COMING BACK AFTER XMAS

And behold, in the night-time, a young man, void of understanding, turneth down the street that is not called Straight and listenth to the voice of sirens. And when the dawn dawneth, behold, he hath lost must goods and hath a head of heaviness. "Verily," quoth he, "this is not the life."

And lo! at the corner he encountereth a friend, Esthete, who laughed much at him who tarrieth until the milk and bread wagons have ceased their rounds. And Esthete upbraideth him for a fool and telleth him to seek high adventure, romance, intrigue, and to flee forever those who are wanton only for the shekel's sake.

And when he is himself again, the youth seeketh the half-innocent one, with lips sweeter than honey and eyes that challengeth to a race. She seeketh not gold nor silver directly, but craveth baby lobster, the sparkling juice of the grape, and she wists not that the taximeter grindeth while they wait. And when the night is done and the sun brighteneth the misty ways, the youth counteth the farthings in his purse, and they are naught—or almost. "Verily," he an-

swereth and saith unto himself, "thou art one large boob!"

And within the gates of the city he beholdeth a venerable man, yclept Moralist. And he speaketh unto him saying, "Master, which way shall I go to find the path that is neither sordid nor silly?"

"Take unto thyself a wife," saith the sage, and passeth by on the other side.

And it cometh to pass that when his purse is again swollen with his wage, the youth goeth forth and in an arbor beholdeth a maiden with quiet eyes and modest attire. And he greeteth her. And in the time of gleaning they hiketh to the high priest, who marieth them.

And she ruleth his house with surety of hand. She biddeth him sit nigh unto the furnace when he desired to smoke. She playeth bridge unto the morning with the thirty talents he would have tendered the landlord. She inviteth to her house many who to him are anathema maranatha. And then some. Selah.

In the end he riseth against her and dodgeth the rolling pin which she hurleth. Wherewith he is peeved and goeth forth seeking papers of divorcement. And when the judge hath heard him, he sayeth, "Take them and depart in peace."

And the youth, who is now an old goat, goeth into the wilderness and buildeth him an hut with one window, which he kicketh out when the spirit moveth him, for there is none to say him nay.

And as the rains descend and beat upon the hut, in the bleak and dark night, he sayeth unto himself, with much vain repetition, even as the heathen do likewise, "What's the answer?"

Simple enough—just a Lehigh freshman coming back to school after his first big Xmas vacation—thoughts of all those fair fems met in the course of those glorious sixteen days (?)—being wakened by the cry "All out for Bethlehem"—What the H—— I didn't want to marry that dizzy blonde anyhow.

—o—

They laughed when I sat down
at the Piano — for there wasn't
any stool.

—o—

We'll thrash this out right now,
said the farmer as he threw the
bushel of oats into the thrashing
machine.

—o—

Andy says he always bids when
he holds a run. What would he
bid if he held a track meet?



A MODERN GREEK



"Ah Cherie — Je t'adore."

"Aw shut the door ya'self — you opened it."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to his Dad hath said:

"I wish a car—my very own."

Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned
When the sweet girl who him hath spurned

Goes riding in his roommates brougham.

Go place on him the hermit's seal

For him no wedding bells shall peale.

Despite his Tau Bet key and kale

The boy will ne'er annex a frail

But doubly happy shall come forth

From Lehigh's portals: Whence he will bring

His heart intact and HIS signet ring.

—o—

"Officer," said a 300-pound
lady, "could you see me across
the street?"

"Madam, I could see you three
blocks away."

—o—

'Twas a thrilling scene. Patrick Kelly, that furious
back, had just run sixty yards to the opponents two
foot line. The entire student body of Copper Col-
lege rose as one and burst forth in their alma mater
"Police Come Back To Me."

Lehigh's varsity football schedule for next year as seen by the Optimist:

Sept. 26—Princeton (here)
Oct. 3—Navy (here)
Oct. 10—Pennsylvania (there)
Oct. 17—Army (here)
Oct. 24—Yale (there)
Oct. 31—Georgia Tech (there)
Nov. 7—Alabama (here)
Nov. 15—Northwestern (there)
Thanksgiving Day—Notre Dame (here)
New Year's Day—(Tournament of Roses) —
Stanford (there)

As the Pessimist suggests it will be:

Sept. 26—Freemansburg High School (here)
Oct. 3—Guthsville High School (here)
Oct. 10—Perkiomen School (there)
Oct. 17—Hill School (here)
Oct. 24—Freeland M. & M. Institute (there)
Oct. 31—Muhlenberg Freshmen (there)
Nov. 7—Phillipsburg High School (here)
Nov. 16—Emaus High School (there)
Thanksgiving Day—Allentown High School
(here)
New Year's Day—Williamsport High School
(there).
(State High School Championship.)



"What you-all doin' now, Mose?"

"Ise an exporter."

"A which?"

"Well, de Pullman company fired me."



Scene—An Interfraternity bull session.

Subject — Relative merits of the various social groups.

"Now, mah friends, no doubt you all have heard a great deal about the social associations on receives when he makes his jolly well old home at the Chi Psi lawdge and I say, chappies, there is quite no custom which does one so much good as when one partakes of aftahnoon tea at foah o'clock.

Aw nuts! Youse guys up der on dat hill don't know nuttin'. Why, ya big palookas, dis bunch of buddies down at da Phi Sig house has got ya beat and would do anything ta get ta paste ya on da beezzer. Don't tell me dese Phi Sigs haven't got da goods on yousé. Dis is da toid year us guys has been foist in da rating.

"Say, vat is you boyis trying to tell to us. Ven da Sammies get into da runnink dat iss just so much zoup for dem. Ve Sammies vork on da principle dat life iss vorth do liflink hence vhy shouldn't vee make de more off it."

"Shay, wash all dish babbl' about lil' problem shush ash living. Phi Gamsh'll are all good bunsh,a boys. Their polishy ish have ash good ash time in collegsh ash possbl' wishout bushing out 'a school.

DIPLOMACY—the art of living with one's mother-in-law without seeking a divorce.

ANARCHIST—one who doesn't believe in anybody or anything, not even anarchy.

SUFFRAGIST—a female who does not know exactly what she wants or why she wants it, but is willing to fight for it.

BOHEMIAN—a man who is poor and proud of it.

MILLENIUM—something that is sure to happen but never does.

HOSIERY—an article which most men admire when full length and nicely fitted. Seen mostly on windy days in the neighborhood of sky scrapers.

BIGAMIST—a man who loves not wisely, but too often.

STATESMAN—a man who is more often out of a job than a politician.

PUMPING STATION—the witness box.

SILENCE—sound sleep.

BUSTED—the condition of a railroad after it has been financed.

DISCRETION—the art of bluffing a fellow you know you cannot lick.

PREACHER—one who claims to be able to teach you how to die, though he has never had any practical experience.

THE DIFFERENCE:—Man says:

"If the shoe fits, put it on."

Woman says:

"If the shoe happens to fit; 'One size smaller, please'."

FISH—something about which men lie almost as much as they do about golf.

POSTAL CARD—a modern method of expressing through the mails the fact that you do not care two cents.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY—ten dollars or ten days.

ELECTRIC CHAIR—a cure for insomnia.

CAMOUFLAGE—a cocktail in a teacup.

EXPERT—one who can convince others of their ignorance.

ATHEIST—one who will sleep in a folding bed without saying his prayers.

THE NAKED TRUTH—a woman declaring that she has nothing to wear.

AMATEUR—a fellow who tells his wife she is the only girl he ever kissed.

COMPROMISE—an arrangement by which the worm and bird would both be late.

GAS—used for pulling teeth, selling mining stocks and collecting taxes.

(Continued on Page 30)

Wee hume th Deen choozes tu kall th klass uv 34
manetane th follwing:

A—

- 1—Tee partiez az promoted hear shud bekum
knoll an voyd ummedutlie.
a—Tee shud bee drank (drunk or drunkun)
onlie inn the pee emm.
b—Wee doant kare fur tee ennyhoo.
- 2—Blak sockz izz hard un th feat.
- 3—Itz werra mutch trubul too wawk frum off th
kampuss tu smoak.
- 4—Wyy shud sofamoars knot karrie thear oan
machuz?
a—itz onlie u brake that thear hear u yeer
beefoar us. (surtenlie know falt uv theinz.)
b—Hoo th hell arr THEY ennywey?
Wee would plie (witch meenz awsk) the
kwestshunz konteyned beelo.

B—

- 1—Wear arr the three (3, III) purtie gurlz uv
Leehy Vallie? (Wee often think we sea won
uv them butt then shee turns aound.)
- 2—Wy kant wee go ta that thear Germun sing-

un klub like th uther Leehyites?

3—Wutt makes appul taste lyke ut duzz?

a—Kinda braunish grean.

b—Knot much like cydur.

4—Must wun bee verrie bryte tu bekum a Kappa
Bet oar B. U. X.?

5—Wyy did Asa Packer (Gawd rest hizz laigs)
put this hear skule onn th syde uv the hill in-
sted us at th top ur bottumn?

6—Uv awl th civuls wats bin grajuatted frum
hear doant nun uv them no howe tu build
stepz?

7—Wenn Lootennent (or mebbie its kernel)
Trafford warned us agin goin rong did he
meen Allenstadt?

8—Watt izz a artz mann? Wear dew they okkurr?

9—Wat izz a bender? Wear kan wun bee ob-
teyned? Howe duz wun go about obteyning a
bender?

Shood a kindlie reeseephshun bee givun hour views
nd kwestshunz wee mey not fynd ut nesussery tu ree-
fur to hour moast beeloved frend, Miss Beetryce
Farefackts.



-NORMAN ALPER-

THE BETHLEHEM STEIN SONG

You go to college
You got the knowledge,
But we got the beer,
Beer! Beer!

THE FIRST HOLIDAY

Some people like to spell it holiday to make it sound like Christmas but they are all wrong. The original spelling, according to Joe Zilch, my left hand man, was hullyday, as in hully cheese, etc., the hully being derivated from two old Roman words: wins, women, and sung.

We are at quite a loss as to how to continue, as there have been many different theories and term papers advanced on the first hullyday, and the subject is entirely bemuddled. As early as B. C., as many classes were being cut at the U. of Damascus to allow the Hebies their hullydays, which came every other day and often for three days in a row, as it took longer to sober up on that old time stuff.

It is also insisted by many that the first holiday was taken by Adam to recuperate from his operation but we aren't so sure about that. It might have been to talk about it, we don't know. Nero had a fine time while Rome burned it is said, but it might not have been a holiday, because you don't

always have a good time on holidays—just think of the poor blind men at Atlantic City last July 4th when they had that beauty contest. A lot of people also may think that the first holiday was when the Indians and the pale-faces got together up in New England to play games, but they're wrong too. No sir, it ain't no fun playing around with them injuns. And still some more think that New Year's Day was the first—yea, it was last year, but them snarkies is all off. The first holiday we ever had was the day Doc Twuffie forgot to assign the final exam in Accounting.

—{o}—

"Did you fall?" asked the policeman as he went to rescue a woman who had slipped on the icy pavement. "Oh, no," she said, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

—{o}—

He: "We are coming to a tunnel—are you afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—{o}—

"What would you say if you saw a cow eating tin cans?"

"I'd say it was the bull."

—{o}—

Dr. I. Launcelot, head of the medical department at dear old State, was conducting a class in personal hygiene, the text being used that Dr. Hare, famous old physician of many years past. The class were studying different parts of the body one morning when the professor rather off-handedly addressed one of the young co-eds: "Have you read Hare on the chest?"

"No, you fresh thing, I'm a brunette."

—{o}—



"'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Hallowe'en Theme Song—"My Mummies Eyes."

HE WAS A RAILROAD MAN

The superintendent of a Western railroad has the reputation of being very particular in the matter of employing trainmen, desiring only those that have had considerable experience in that branch of the service. The following is a conversation said to have been overheard in his office a short time since between that gentleman and an applicant for a position as passenger conductor:

"Where did you come from?"

"From General Manager St. John, of the X.Y.Z."

"What did you come here to do."

"To learn to subdue my energies and improve the railway service."

"Then you are a railroad man, I infer?"

"I am so taken to be by all officials who know their business."

"How may I know you to be a railroad man?"

"By looking over my letters and examining me in the signals. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the punch."

"Why by the punch?"

"Because it is an emblem of honesty and the principal working tool of my profession."

"Where were you first prepared to be a railroad man?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"

"Upon a farm adjoining the right-of-way of a regular railroad."

"How were you prepared?"

"By braking upon a threshing-machine for six months, after which I went to town and sought admission to the train-master's office."

"How gained you admission?"

"By three cigars placed in the open hand of the



"Geez, wotta break Pop! — I'm gonna play fer Lafayette!"

—:o:—

train-master's clerk."

"How were you received?"

"Upon the sharp gaze of the train-master applied to my physiognomy, which was explained thusly: As it is always a source of great pleasure to the train-master to receive callers, I should drop in and chat with him a little upon every occasion possible."

"How were you then disposed of?"

"I was seated in a chair near the train-master's desk, and asked if I put my trust in safety-coupling devices."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself, I don't."

"What was then done with you?"

"I was led up and down the yard three times to accustom me to the noise of the trains, then to the chief dispatcher."

"How were you then disposed of?"

"I was seated upon a brake-wheel before a train-box, and caused to take the following horrible and binding oath:

"I, Steve Sears, do hereby and hereon most everlastingly and diabolically swear, by the great Horn Spoon, that I will always remit and never conceal

(Continued on Page 32)



SOME XMAS IDEA!

BLUE CHRISTMAS CHEER

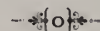
'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse. So Mary slid noiselessly out of her bed, as she threw back the curls which covered her head. As her nightgown slipped softly to fall at her feet, not an eye in this world was focused upon her. Then her lithe little feet moved on the carpet of fur. She stepped swiftly to the stair and was hurrying down without a thought of her body without her nightgown. A beautiful waltz wandered over the air — her body trembled and she knew now if she dare, she could dance and whirl though her body were bare. Up on her toes she then poised, as an eagle in flight. And the moon played on her flesh through the windows of night. The silvery legs and the soft mellow arms felt the rapture which was encircling her charms. Then around through the room in the darkness she danced and her eyes closed lightly as though in a trance.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house was the hero of this story just sneaking around. He heard music and footsteps down in the room; so he really tried hard to see through the gloom. Now peeking through keyholes is never so nice, but our hero must hover around to look twice. For this scene is so pretty, the girl seems so light, that young John can't resist and I guess he was right. The girl really was beautiful, smiling, petite, from her shoulders, to hips, to her dainty little feet. Now then why must this story come so quickly to end? Why because there was no keyhole for our dear friend. So now to bed my dear children, for this is the end.



Artist: I do a painting like this in a few hours and think nothing of it.

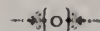
Critic: So do I.



Here's one for you to figure out. A letter was addressed in the following manner, and was delivered.

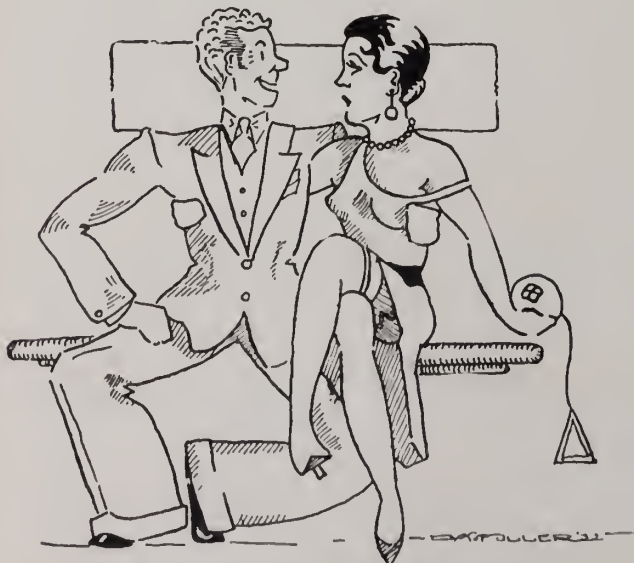
**Wood
John
Mass**

Give up? The address is John Underwood, Andover, Mass.



As we all know Knute Rockne is in the habit of springing sudden questions on football strategy on his squad. Well, one day on the train to California, Rockne rushed up to one of the Irish's substitute quarterbacks. "There is one minute to play, it is our ball on the enemy's ten yard line and the last down. We need three points to win. What would you do?" questioned Notre Dame's coach.

The quarterback looked startled, then smiled and said, "Why, I would say to the fellow next to me Move over you big stiff, I want to see this next play."



AN IDEA FOR AN XMAS CARD!

What we expect to read in the Brown and White next fall:

The faculty yesterday approved a change in the schedule of the varsity basketball team which enables the team to participate in the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Interscholastic Basketball tournament. Cedar Crest college replaces Schwenksville High School on the schedule and Rittersville A. C. will be played in a post season game.

—*{o}*—

The Swedish peasants held a great season of feasting and celebration at the last feast of the Noel. Reporter Dufflebaag of the Herald who covered it, said: "A peasant time was had by all."

—*{o}*—

Effective methods for the use of spare time in certain courses at Lehigh:

Calculus—practice in the making of integral signs so that you can at least draw a decent one in the final.

Accounting—Beginning with the number one, write each number up to ten exactly one hundred times so that you will attain such proficiency in the making of figures that the professor can never mistake your answers.

Chapel—Study one verse of any hymn during the organ selection each morning.

Military Science and Tactics — Take notes on all lectures.

Economics—Figure out the marginal utility of seat no. 10, row four, in Dr. Carothers' economics lecture section.

Heat Engines — Calculate the number of liters of hot air evolved by the instructor in an hour whose heat of formation is 5,367 calories per second.

Quantitative Analysis lab—Determine the maximum height above the mean level of the floor at which a No. 6 breaker may be held and dropped without breaking.

Psychology—During the study of the chapter on rest and sleep, estimate, by practical experiment in class, the benefit derived from one half hour's sleep when you've had no sleep for the preceding 24 hours.

—*{o}*—

Dot: I know a man who is quite a musician. He can play music on empty bottles.

Pete: Hell, so could I if I were the bird that emptied them.

AFTER VACATION

(Just some news picked up outside the Delta Tau Delta house.)

Carl Hull: I hear Pete Shipley is bothered by "Athlete's Foot."

Al Ware: Yeah, the star punter on the Penn team caught him trying to neck his girl this vacation.

Pete: That's all right, I've heard it said that the only thing that will stop you, the prize halfback of the Lehigh team, is a slap from the girl friend. By the way, how did you enjoy your first class this morning?

Al: Rotten, I never sleep well in strange class rooms.

Carl: Is that new secretary in the Alumni Building as good as the last one.

Russ Burk: Yes, dammit!—Is that professor in the physics department a person who lets little things bother him?

Pete: No, he uses Flit. Say, Russ, I hear you get a big thrill out of holding your liquor.

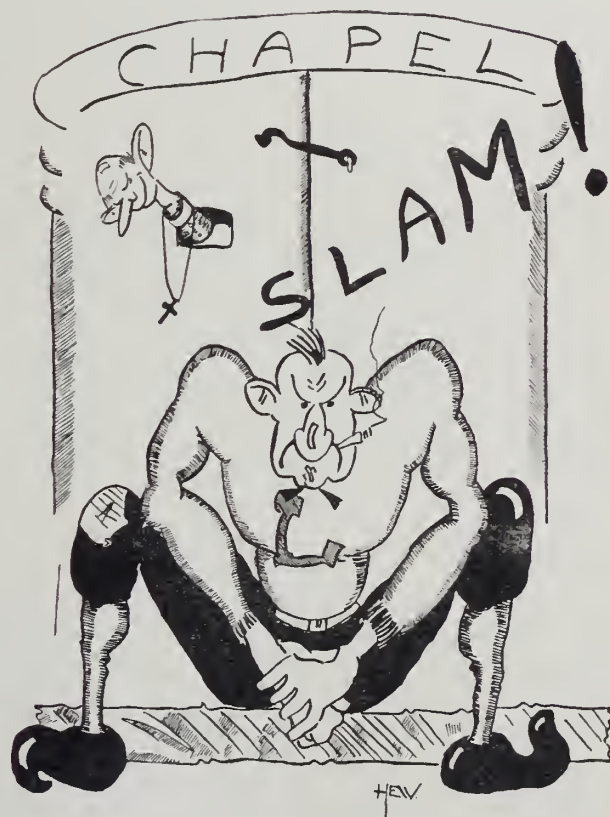
Russ: Yes, after its in a pretty girl. Speaking of Christmas drinking, has it ever bothered your health, Harry?

Ruggles: Yeah, once when I couldn't pay for the drinks.

Pete: Say, Harry, do you know a good cigar when you see it?

Harry: Sure, if there isn't too much mud on the band.

(At this point, your reporter gave up.)



"I WONDER IF HEAVEN'S LIKE THIS?"

AT THE THEATRE

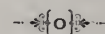
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

"The Merchant of Venice," a revival of Shakespeare's play, had its premier at the Times Square Theatre two weeks back, and made a very propitious impression upon the audience. The production was staged by Andrew Leigh, and was presented by Charles Dillingham in association with Erlanger Productions, Inc. Mr. Maurice Moscovitch portrays the role of Shylock and effects a very picturesque interpretation. In the past two portrayals of Shylock, by Mr. Warfield and then by Mr. Arliss, each interpretation was representative of a different class. The Shylock of Mr. Warfield was a plaintive underdog; that of Mr. Arliss a dyspeptic aristocrat. The Shylock of Mr. Moscovitch, however, is the median between these two: a plebian old marplot whose brilliant scheme of vengeance seems another's rather than his own. These different interpretations of the same dramatic character are but the results of different personalities impinged upon the character. This most recent interpretation is as pleasing as we either of the previous ones. Mr. Moscovitch does his best acting in the court room scene. His rage, his humiliation, his pleasure, and his disappointment are genuine reflections of his genius. Miss Selina Royle makes a very charming and wholesome Portia. There was an understanding recital of the mean and thrifty Bassanio by Goeffrey Wardell; and Hugh Buckley's basoon voice bayed the pathetic speeches of the Merchant melodiously. Commendable performances were also enacted by John Polan, as a Prince of Morocco, and by Dorothy Tree, as the unfilial Jessica. The background and sets are the same as were used by Mr. Arliss in his memorable performance of the comedy under the reticent auspices of Winthrop Ames.

"OVERTURE"

"Overture" is a play in three acts by William Bolitho, staged by Marc Connelly and presented by Bela Blau at the Longacre Theatre. The scene is Germany in 1920. The populace of Harfield revolts at the government's attempt to exact twelve hours of manual labor at half-pay for the purpose of reducing their portion of the war debt—from each working man per day. The workmen find this law repellent to them. Led by Colin Clive, late of "Journey's End," as a radical semi-aristocrat with an accent

more Cambridge than Heidelberg, they propose to shatter Civilization to bits and remould it nearer their heart's desire. They arm themselves therefore and drive the forces of Law, Order and Economics to slink to safety in the suburbs. Unfortunately they depend upon the aid of a sinister anarchist named Maxim (played by Mr. Pat O'Brien). The morbidity of this latter character in his actions toward and with the revolvers is the cause of strife within the faction. Failure of their plan is the immediate consequence. There are not many laughs in "Overture." But it is a play of the first class and if you do not like it the fault is entirely yours, not Mr. Bolitho's, the vivid actors', nor that of the aesthetic, conscientious and hopeful impressaria, Mr. Bela Blau, Inc.



WE RECOMMEND

"THE NEW YORKERS"

"The New Yorkers"—which will be reviewed in the next issue—is E. Ray Goetz's new Review, playing at the new B. S. Moss Broadway Theatre. Lyrics and music are by Cole Porter, who wrote the score for the sensational "Wake Up and Dream" of last season, and the story is by the producer and Peter Arno—of "parade" fame. The cast includes more stars than have ever appeared at the same time in one Broadway revue. These personages are: Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Anne Pennington; Francis Williams; Hope Williams, who had the title role in the stage production of "Holiday"; Charles King, veteran of musical comedy and "talkie" roles; Marie Cahill; Richard Carle; and Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

"BABES IN TOYLAND"

"Babes in Toyland," a revival of Victor Herbert's great operetta, is always worth seeing if for no other reason than to hear the music. It will be produced during the Christmas period at the Imperial Theatre, and will be given with an all-star cast—probably headed by Roy Coppel.

"A KISS OF IMPORTANCE"

"A Kiss of Importance," at the Fulton Theatre. The cast is headed by Basil Rathbone and includes

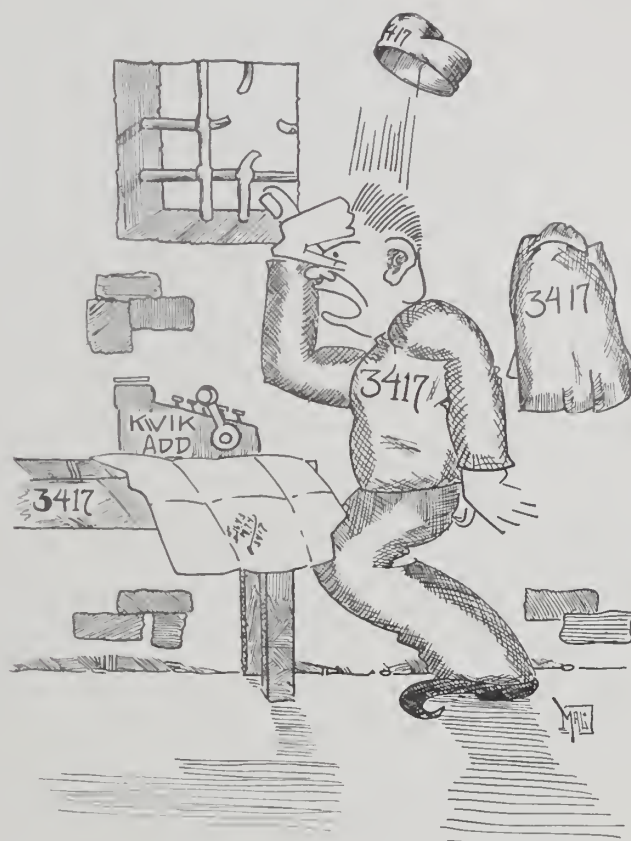
(Continued on Page 32)

A bally old Englishman was touring America seeing the sights, and as this story was way back in the gold old days, B. G. (before gas-wagons), our friend the Englishman had provided himself with a horse and carriage in which he journeyed from place to place.

The first night out the Englishman drew up to the stable door of a country hotel and addressed the hostler in the following manner. "Hostler, release my quadruped from the vehicle and estabulate him. Donate unto him sufficient quantities of the nutritious elements suitable to his capacity and when the aurora of the morning illuminates the atmosphere, I will amply recompense thee for thy amiable hospitality."

The hostler scratched his head, a puzzled expression on his face. He turned and called the head man. The Englishman addressed him in a similar manner. The head in turn scratched his head and after several moments of thought answered. "My dear sir, in promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, and psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosities. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, and coalescent consistency. Eschew extraordinary grandiloquence and assinine affections, and seduously avoid double tentitities, purient jocosities, or pestiferous ponderosities, either obscure or apparent. In other words, say what you mean, mean what you say, speak plainly, clearly, and sensibly, and avoid the use of big words."

By the time he had finished this little discourse, the Englishman had had enough and was hastily beating a retreat down the road.



"—The case of the convict who got an adding machine for Christmas!"

—{o}—

Frosh: Have you ever gambolled on the green?

Man: Why, yes, I bet a buck on Dartmouth once.

—{o}—

Jones: Have you seen the mounted police in Chicago?

Brown: Ye Gods, are the gangsters stuffing them after they shoot them.

—{o}—

Austy Tate, during the Lafayette game asked Al Ware if he had found the weakness of the Maroon line.

Al answered, "Yeh, blonds."

—{o}—

Beckwith: I say, what is the proper outfit for a man who follows the horses?

Riley: A white uniform, isn't it. (They don't know any better in the south, ask Pat.)



"—How come you always smoke quarter cigars?"

"—Somebody else always smokes the other three-quarters!"

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"CARS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT" (Continued from Page 14)

"Married? Oh, yes! Yes." Taylor was trying to recall what the word meant.

"That's great. We can leave on our honeymoon tonight. But where'll we get married?"

"I know a place in the next town where we can get a Justice of the Peace," helped the other fellow.

They drove faster now, with a definite destination in view. John tried to decide whether he was doing the right thing or not. He had never thought of marriage as something which concerned him, but now he was going to be married—yes, he would marry Betty. He didn't refuse when they asked him to go for a ride, and he wouldn't renege at a little thing like marrying a wonderful girl.

The house of the Justice of the Peace was found at last, and he was persuaded to get out of bed and come down. The ceremony was performed. Betty, by leaning her head against his shoulder and looking up bashfully into his eyes, almost made John forget to say "I do."

"Where'll we go now?" somebody asked as they were going to the car.

"Ah! Can't we go somewhere and get some sleep. I'm almost dead," Betty said, yawning.

Just then the bridegroom thought he heard some one calling "Taylor, Taylor." He turned his head to see what it was.

"Wake up, Taylor. It's time to go to your eight o'clock."

"What!"

"Get up! It's quarter to eight."

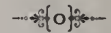
"Holy Moses! If you had woke me a minute ago I wouldn't have gotten married. Oh well, what's a wife or two to support."

The End.

An old maid went to have her picture taken and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of clothes line around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl. "I know you see me upside down in that camera." —Malteaser.



A LAST RESOURCE

The Bright Young Thing entered the clothier's shop and approached the counter.

"I want a present for an old gentleman for Whitsun," she said.

"Yes ma'am," replied the assistant. "Something nice in ties?"

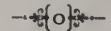
"No; he has a beard," the girl explained.

"H'm," the assistant murmured thoughtfully. "Perhaps a fancy waistcoat might be suitable?"

"No; it's a long beard," came back the answer.

The assistant sighed wearily.

"Well, how about carpet slippers?" —Answers



Maid (from another apartment)—Mr. Snort sends his compliments, and would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake?

Mr. Snapp—Give my respects to Mr. Snort and tell him I shall greatly appreciate it if he will poison his daughter and burn her ukulele. —Texas Ranger.



But the one about the Scotch cat. The penurious thing killed itself eight times before it took out any life insurance. —Wolf.



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A CIGARETTE so mildly mellow, so alluringly fragrant, so whole-heartedly satisfying that you respond to it as instinctively as to the charm of natural beauty.

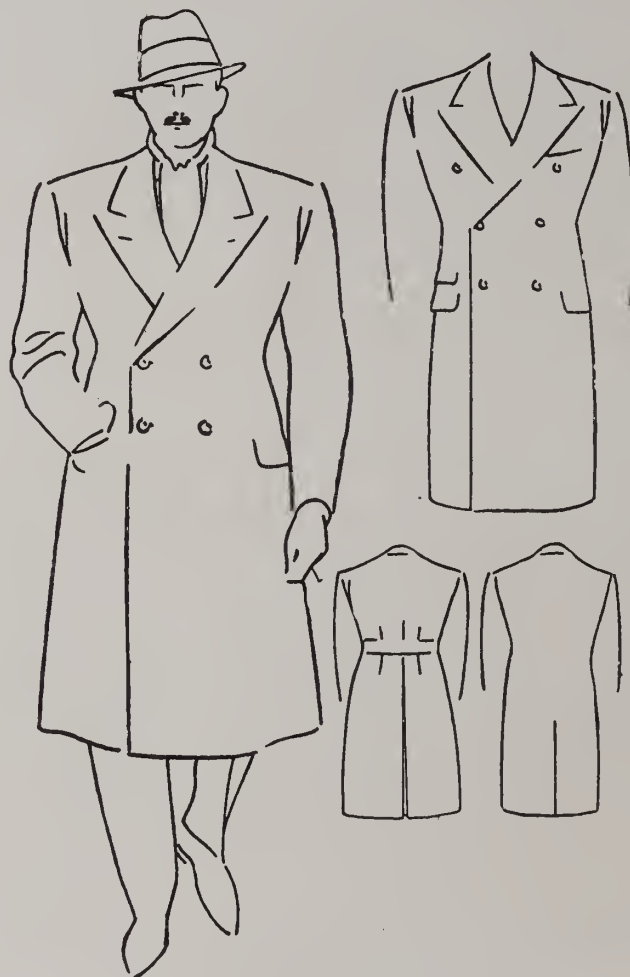
Camels are mild! But their mildness is never flat—never artificial. Through every step of their manufacture the delicate, sun-ripe fragrance of choicest tobaccos is scientifically preserved.

Swing with the crowd to a smoke that's all pleasure. Don't deny yourself the luxury of



CAMELS

THE ENGLISH GUARDS COAT COMPARED WITH AN ENGLISH TOWN OVERCOAT



Of the overcoats a man wears in town, the Guards coat is unquestionably the most military of all. Its name would indicate that, if not its lines.

It was made fashionable first by the officers of the Brigade of Guards of which the Prince of Wales is a member. At times, it has been more popular than at other times, but ever since its first appearance as a fashion, it has been considered correct for town, and, in dark blue and black, correct for evening.

The original Guards coat has three points of identification: a half belt at the rear; a deep inverted box-pleat at the rear; a skirt that flares out at the bottom like all military coats.

Decidedly in contrast to this is the English town overcoat, although built of the same dark materials and usually in Navy-blue.

The English town overcoat is made double-breasted, like the Guards coat, but is cut on straighter lines. Its back is plain, without belt or pleats, and the skirt hangs straight. Carrying out the trim effect, its pockets have no flaps as the Guards coat does, and the only deviation from a straight line is in the fairly broad lapels and a waisted effect.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Lehigh Burr, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.

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DO YOU LIKE THE THEATRE?

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READ VANITY FAIR

Do you think that Lysistrata is a remedy for Athlete's Foot? . . . At what point of the play should you hold hands? . . . What, besides the vice squad, passes through the portals of Earl Carroll's theatre? . . . What time should you arrive for an 8:30 curtain? . . . Is snapping one's opera hat considered good taste at the Martin Beck? . . . Who's elbow has the right of way on the arm of a theatre seat? . . . Can you make a *bon mot* like "Let's get seats for Pineapple Shubert?" . . . Should you purchase "feethy tickets" from a speculator? . . . George Jean Nathan is paid by Vanity Fair (or will be, this Saturday) for separating the theatrical wheat from the chaff. If you read Vanity Fair no chaff can touch you.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera; in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



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BETHLEHEM

AT THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 24)

Frederick Kerr, Anne Andrews, Montague Love, and Ivan Simpson. Here is what Eddie Cantor had to say about it: "After the third act, my wife turned to me and said: 'Eddie, if you take a few lessons from this fellow, Basil Rathbone, you and I will never have any trouble'."

"Girl Crazy"

"Girl Crazy," a stupendous review at the Alvin Theatre. The cast is composed of Willie Howard, William Kent, Allen Kearns, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman, The DeMarcos, and "America's Prettiest Dancing Chorus."

—:o:—

BURRO'S DICTIONARY

(Continued from Page 18)

SCRAP BOOK—a pugilist's diary.

FRIENDSHIP—a license to borrow money.

HOME—the one place where a clubman feels he can be as disagreeable as he likes.

COCKTAIL—an appetizer which destroys for food and causes appetite for another cocktail.

EGOTIST—a man who expects a woman to marry him for himself alone.

ROOT DOCTORS—dentists.

DEPARTMENT STORE—a place where the hard-earned money a man gives his wife departs.

THE HUMAN RACE—the chase of man after woman and vice versa.

SOCIALIST—a man who wants the government to run every other person's business except his.

SINKING FUND—an appropriation for battleships.

CABARET—a method devised by shrewd restaurant owners to divert their patron's mind from the poor quality of food and service.

HIGHBALL—a modern method by which the consumer adulterates spirituous liquor by a method which the pure food law forbids the liquor man from using.

—*{o}*—

She was the kind of woman who could be relied upon to say the wrong thing wherever she was. At a recent dinner she turned to her neighbor and said, "Doctor can you tell me who that terrible looking man is over there?"

"I can," replied the medical man. "That's my brother."

There was an awkward pause while the woman racked her brain for something to say. The Doctor was enjoying her discomfiture. "Oh I beg your pardon," she stammered, blushing. "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance."

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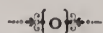
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He: Why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin to-night?

She: Oh, Mae wanted it.

—Wampus.



Mother: "Shame on you for smoking! Don't you know what happens to little girls that smoke and do other things they shouldn't?"

Little Girl: "Yes'm, they grow up and go to college."
—Mountain Goat.

HE WAS A RAILROAD MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

any of the cash collected by me as conductor, and that I will not cut, make, use, collect, or remit any cash fares less than those found in the regular tariff-book.

"I further promise and swear that I will not carry on my train, free, any railroad man's wife, mother, sister, daughter, or widow, or permit any other conductor to do so, if I can prevent it.

"I further promise and swear that I will freely contribute to all subscriptions circulated to buy my superior officer a 'token of esteem,' etc., as far as he may desire and my salary will permit; to all of which I solemnly swear, binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my salary cut from year to year, all my perquisites taken away and expended for sand ballast to put under the Dubtown Extension, where the trains come and go twice in twenty-four hours,—so help me Bob Ingersoll, and keep my backbone stiff'."

"What did you then behold?"

"The train-master's clerk approached me and presented me with a Bowie Safety Coupling Knife, and instructed me to take it to the yard-master, who would teach me how to use it."

"How are Bowie Coupling Knives used?"

"By sticking them in the left hip-pocket, with the blade turned up."

Mr. Maxwell here informed the applicant that he was satisfied that he was a railroad man, and asked him if he would be off or from.

"I will be off from here, if you will give me a passenger train."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Will you give them to me?"

"That is not the manner in which I got them, and can not so dispose of them."

"How can I get them, then?"

"I will match you heads or tails for them."

"I'll go you, begin."

"You begin."

"No, begin yourself; you have the cigars."

"Board."

"A."

"All."

"All aboard, you are O. K. Come around again in the morning and I will arrange to send you down to the Bagdad & Calibash Division to take the mixed train there.



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